

Livvy Dunne Follows Her Dreams



Kylie Jenner stepped out of the shower, fresh from a grueling workout, steam still clinging to her skin. As she reached for a towel and began drying her hair, newly promoted Welterweight **Olivia Dunne** approached. Livvy moved in front of her, blocking her path.

“Got a minute, boss?” she asked, her tone direct.

Kylie twisted the towel into a bun atop her head, then grabbed another and wrapped it snugly around her damp chest, tucking the ends securely at her sides. She turned to face the eager rookie.

“That was a brutal draw in Cape Coast. Kira Kosarin wasn’t letting anyone walk out of there with a win.”

Livvy just shrugged, completely unfazed by the beating.

“It is what it is. I tried,” Livvy said with a casual shrug.

“You just have to stick with it. It gets easier, I promise,” Kylie replied in a reassuring tone. “Keep training like you’ve been, and the wins will come.”



Livvy still didn’t seem the least bit concerned. Her focus was elsewhere as she followed Kylie toward her locker.

“I know,” she said confidently. “I’ve been training with the Barbies for over two years. I trust my skills.”

Well, what is it then?” Kylie asked, eyeing her curiously.

Livvy hesitated, suddenly a bit sheepish. “I just finished the *SI Swimsuit* shoot and…”

Before she could finish, Kylie cut in with a grin.

“That was incredible. You owned that edition with that Cover Shot. Seriously, you light up the camera. Kendall, Gigi, and I couldn’t stop talking about how photogenic you are. You’ve got a real future in modeling—if that’s something you want.”

Livvy grinned wide. “I love it. They treat you so well. Of course, getting up at 4 AM sucks.”

Kylie chuckled, nodding in agreement. “Yeah, I’m not a morning person either.”

Without a second thought, Kylie let the towel fall to her feet, standing completely nude in front of her locker. Livvy instinctively gulped, then quickly composed herself, steadying her gaze.

“Kylie, have you ever heard of *America’s Next Top MMA Fighter*?” Livvy asked, her tone casual but with a hint of anticipation.

“Of course,” Kylie replied with a smirk. “It’s one of my favorite reads. Why?”

“I was thinking that maybe…”

Before Livvy could finish her thought, Kylie was already pulling on her panties, glancing over at her with a knowing look.

“And let me guess, you got an invitation to enter the competition, right?”



“Yes,” Livvy said eagerly. “It sounds like a blast, and I love the competition. Plus, getting advice from Tyra Banks would be huge for me.”

Kylie raised an eyebrow as she stepped into her panties. “You do know it’s strictly for rookies, right? The winner gets a contract with *Death by Bikini*.”

Livvy glanced down at her feet, her voice quieter now as Kylie slipped the straps of her bra over her shoulders and fastened it behind her back.

“I just really want to see how I’d do,” she murmured. “I could still fight for the Barbies and then…”

Once again, Kylie cut her off, already ahead of her.

“Listen, Olivia,” Kylie said gently, turning to face her fully. “I’ve put a lot of faith in you—training you for… what did you say? Two years now? That’s a serious investment. And don’t get me wrong—you’re worth every bit of it.”

Livvy looked up, her expression soft. “You know how much I love it here, right?”

Kylie nodded, her voice still calm but firmer. “If you love it that much, then why are you thinking about joining *Death by Bikini*?”

Livvy’s eyes dropped again, but then something shifted. Her energy surged and her voice lifted, filled with excitement.

“It’s just… they’re so nice to me!” she blurted out, a wide smile forming. “They make me feel wanted in a different way. It’s not about leaving the Barbies—it’s about seeing what else I can do.”

Kylie’s expression shifted, a hint of irritation flashing across her face.

“And I treat you differently?” she asked, her tone cooler now.

“No, no, no—you’re the best,” Livvy said quickly, shaking her head. “It’s not that, I just…” She trailed off, searching for the right words. “I really, really, *really* want to become a bikini model—and fight for *Death by Bikini*.”





Kylie let out a quiet sigh, slipping on a tight pair of leopard-print yoga pants. She turned toward Livvy, resting a firm but gentle hand on her shoulder.

“You sure you know what you’re asking for?” she said softly, her eyes locking with Livvy’s.

“You know your training has probably cost me a quarter of a million by now,” Kylie said, her tone half-joking but serious. “So, are you going to pay me back?”

Livvy nodded eagerly. “I will. I promise.”

Kylie’s expression grew firmer. “But you do realize there are risks, right? You can’t be a Badass Barbie and compete in *America’s Next Top MMA Fighter*.”

Livvy looked puzzled. “Why not? I won’t let it affect my training. I can handle it, I swear.”

Kylie shook her head, her voice calm but unwavering. “That’s not how it works. If you decide to enter *ANTMAF*, then you won’t be a Badass Barbie anymore.”

“I can do both,” Livvy said firmly. “I trained with the Barbies, made the Dean’s List with a 3.947 GPA, modeled for *SI*, and competed in **Gymnastics**—all at the same time. I know I can easily handle this.”

Kylie’s gaze hardened. “I don’t doubt your ability, Livvy. But that’s not how it works. If I release you from your contract and you compete in *America’s Next Top MMA Fighter*, you won’t be a Barbie anymore. And...” She paused, her eyes locking onto Livvy with deadly seriousness. “If you don’t win that competition, you’ll lose your spot in the UCC.”

For a moment, Livvy’s face went pale, the weight of Kylie’s words sinking in. “I... I...” She hesitated, then squared her shoulders, her confidence blazing anew. “I’m not losing.”

Kylie slipped on a tight crop top, then slid her feet into a pair of sandals. “I love your confidence—that’s one of the things that drew me to you in the first place. If you’re willing to take the risk, then I’ll let you go.”

Livvy’s eyes lit up, and she started bouncing on the balls of her feet. Without hesitation, she leapt into Kylie’s arms, wrapping her legs tightly around her waist as she hugged her fiercely.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you!” she exclaimed, her excitement bubbling over.

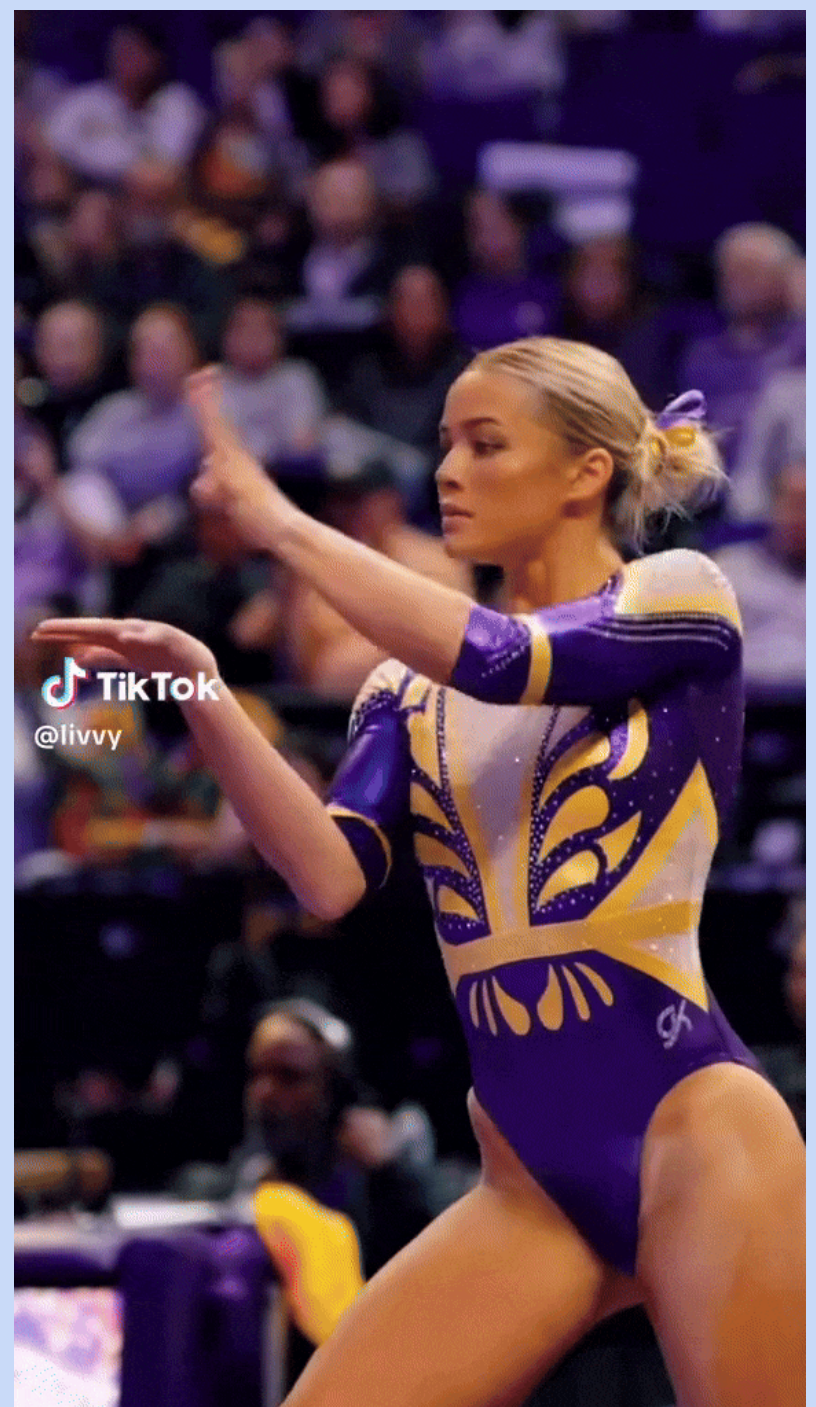
Kylie slowly set Livvy down, a small smile tugging at her lips. “I’m going to miss your... enthusiasm.”

Livvy beamed up at her. “You’re the best, Kylie. The absolute best!”

“So, when does this all start?” Kylie asked, curiosity sparking in her eyes.

“Right away,” Livvy said, practically bouncing again. “They just finished filming season three. OMG, it was so amazing!” She got so excited her words tumbled out in a rush, barely able to keep up with her own thoughts.

“Oh my God, it all came down to Marquita, Christen, and Lorena and they were so insanely close with the judges scoring every single body part and at first it looked like Marquita was going to just run away with it when she did those insane splits on the beach but then Lorena’s abs totally put her in the lead but then Christen came roaring back in the booty challenge and honestly I thought Marquita had the best



pose ever but Christen made a comeback and easily had the most amazing boobs and I meanlike seriously the nicest boobs I’ve ever seen and to be perfectly honest I would kill to have a rack like hers and then they went to the face and OMG it was the absolute closest competition I’ve ever seen and anyone could have won but it all came down to the judges and their scores were so ridiculously close nobody had any idea who was actually going to win!”

Livvy gasped, sucking in an enormous breath, about to launch back into her excited ramble when Kylie cut her off gently.



“I’ll read it later, Livvy. You sound so passionate about this—I’d be a fool not to let you compete. Now, you better pack your bags and catch the next flight. Trust me, you don’t keep Tyra Banks waiting.”

Livvy’s face lit up. “You’re the best, Kylie, and I promise I’ll pay you back every penny.”

Kylie shook her head with a warm, knowing smile. “You don’t have to pay me back, Livvy. Just go out there and give it everything you’ve got. And hey—if it doesn’t work out, maybe there’s still a place for you back with the Barbies. But for now, chase that dream.”

Livvy planted a big kiss on Kylie’s lips, then skipped out of the locker room, belting *I’m Gonna Love You* by Carrie Underwood at the top of her lungs, her excitement practically vibrating off the walls. As she made her way through the Barbie training facility, fully committed to chasing her next big dream, she bumped into **Madelyn Cline** in the hallway. Without hesitation, Livvy threw her arms around her, gave her a tight squeeze, and followed it up with a wet kiss on the lips, just as spontaneous and joyful as the last.

“What the fuck was that for?” a wide-eyed, thoroughly perplexed Madelyn asked.

Still grinning ear to ear, Livvy gave a little twirl and said over her shoulder, “Kylie will explain it to everyone later!” Then she skipped away, leaving a baffled Madelyn in her wake and her Carrie Underwood anthem echoing down the hall.



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